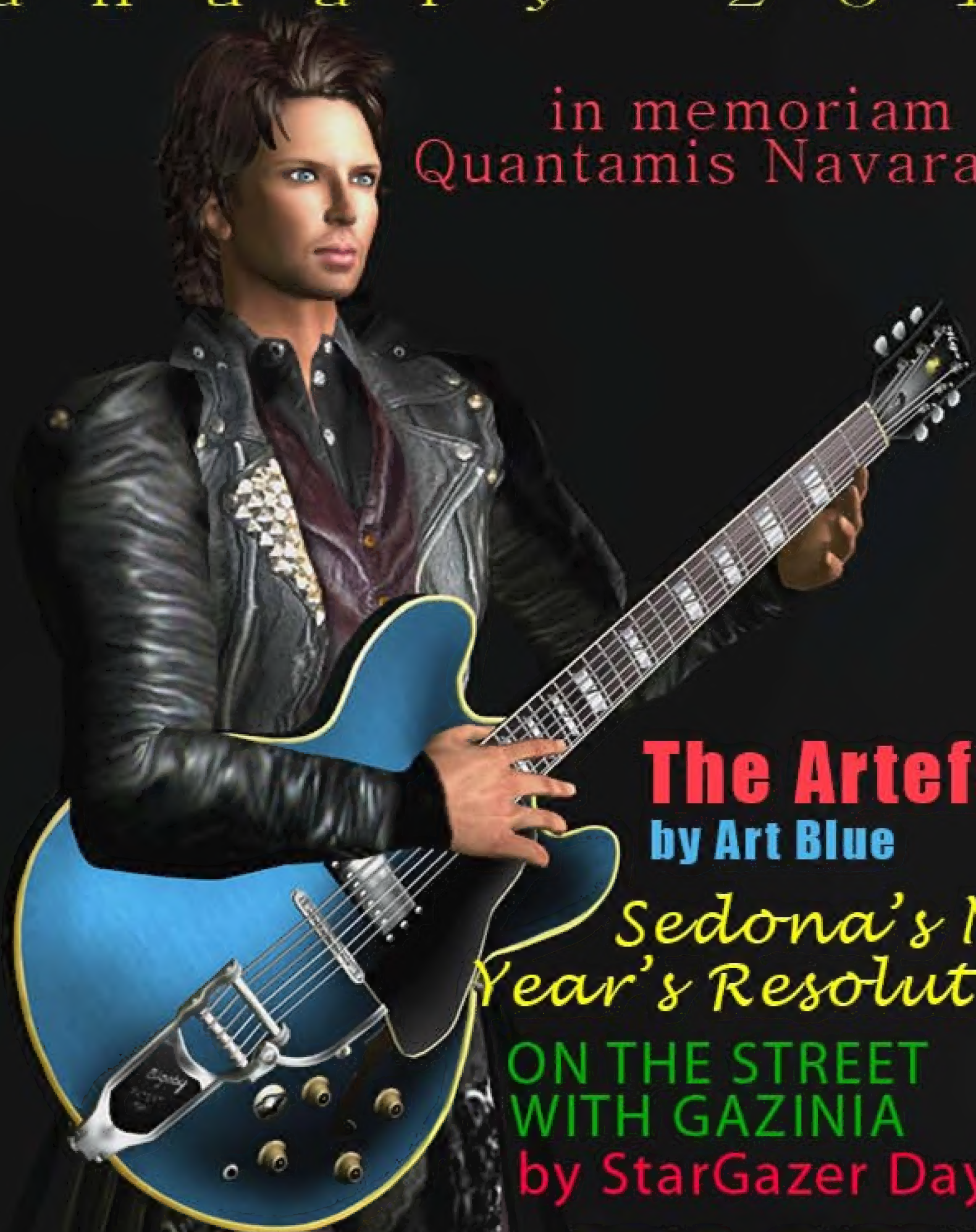


The SL Arts and Life Magazine

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j a n u a r y 2 0 1 4

in memoriam
Quantamis Navarathna



The Artefact
by Art Blue

*Sedona's New
Year's Resolutions*

ON THE STREET
WITH GAZINIA

by StarGazer Daylight

DEAR GUDRUN...

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- **The Artefact** We welcome an exciting new talent to this month's issue, Art Blue, who contributes a compelling short story that causes us to reconsider our reality here. An interview with the elusive author follows as a post script.
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- **On the Street with Gazinia** StarGazer sits down with Gazinia in an engaging interview about what's interesting out there in the ever-changing world of fashion.
- **To Sedona: I Wish You Peace** Quantamis Navarathna says goodbye to his truest love, Sedona.
- **Gudrun's Resolutions** Gudrun Gausman gives us an historical perspective on New Years' resolutions.
- **Oatmeal** An ode to the humble oat, together with 101 ways (well, not quite) you can enjoy our favorite Winter dish, served in some unexpectedly delicious ways.
- **Sedona's New Year's Resolutions** Sedona Mills looks back on 2013 and ponders what would be the most meaningful resolutions she could make for 2014.
- **When You Wish Upon a Star** Crap Mariner makes a wish and then wishes he hadn't.

About the Cover

SL lost one of its brightest stars in December with the passing of the extraordinarily gifted singer/songwriter, Quantamis Navarathna. We will miss his clear message of peace and love, but we will never ever forget how he touched our lives.



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“WHEREOF ONE CANNOT THINK,
THEREOF ONE MUST BE BLANK.
AND THERE SHALL BE WHITE.”
THE BLANK THEOREM.
ERVA.RE

The Art





efact

by Art Blue

(bug by bryn oh, artwork by gem preiz)

While I was working on the specifications for programming a moderate Alzheimer, I noticed a knock at the window. "I need one of those things!" How much I hate the phrase "one of those things." He knows that when he says that he speaks of my soul, of My True Me. It's not only the software I lug around with me in the form of an emulator from time immemorial. In two versions: the one in 3D from 2008 and the archetype version out of the 70th of the 20th century.

Back then, at the time Sergius Both created the first art machine *Mondrian 2D* on a home computer for users of the *Texas Instrument TI 99/4*. Operators – or users, as any person sitting in front of a computer exercising control of the technology by using keyboard or mouse was called back then – no longer exist. We call them sponsors.

In creating *Mondrian 2D*, Sergius Both was ahead of his times by giving the computer degrees of freedom in the genesis of an artwork. In doing so, he deprived the administration of its power. Each user could say: I have not done this.

The hack happened by chance. Sure! – at that time, a hack was not graphic; therefore, *Mondrian* bypassed the controls. Art is free! This anachronism survived a long time. A joke!

Today in after MOSES time quite unimaginable. Obviously, no one remembers what MOSES originally stood for: *Military Open Simulator Enterprise Strategy*. As my creator said: Art and military forces have always been, along with the entertainment industry, the innovators for our world. "Offer panem and circenses," he used to say, "in case you want to survive." Forget art: art means danger.

Yeah, *Mondrian* has survived. It was a brilliant move to fix *Mondrian* as a national holiday. One terra for everybody: free of charge! "It's McD – Mondrian Cheers Day!" – roar millions, by now billions. I always take a day off on this day as McD has nothing in common with art. Well, I speak about the emulator which is in me: *Mondrian 2D* and *3D*, the true original, the good, the fair art in the tradition of the elders. The ones who still know how computers work. The ones who can debug.

After only 30 years it has become a challenge to rewrite the code described in programming charts in the year 1979. You can believe this, I know the code. Just a mess. But I love spaghetti and cut them even with a knife. Why are programmes not made in Italy and served *al dente*? A well done cut and go. Why have they taken all the nice commands from us that were so much fun?

And in case anyone is now shouting, then I whisper: "*Mondrian* is running until today in emulation mode under *Windows XP, Vista* with and without *Aero, Windows 7, 8, ...* do you need to know more?" Usually, the inquirer is ready to turn away. But when I add the story of *Mondrian 3D* from 2008, using *Direct X9* and a config.ini file to change screen resolution and colour depth, then he is ready to vomit. Yeah, the developer is, therefore, called Minimal Smart.

In one word: business as usual. I have to work hard for hours. All along, simulation after simulation, I have to evaluate with cybernetic aesthetics and then he graciously takes "the thing" and flogs it to the highest bidder. Only once it was fun. He placed "the thing" in a gallery, lured agents to let them fight and presented a court order to speed up the energy on the acquisition. Apparently it was a wrong signature. I had to bail him out. Sure it was a hoax. Everything planned. I had to bore the

It was a good thing that my creator set a No-copy, No-Mod on the connectors to the Mondrian simulation and that only I know the password sequences.

And again there is a knock at the window and I jerk. "Hello Prim. Fire up the programme! I see you with your thumb up your arse." Oh, what a nerd. He could easily set up the software by himself. There are enough generators to get suited parameters in his world. But no, he presses out my soul and I am helpless. So I shout back: "Hey, what's up?" And I get back in a second: "Don't play stupid. We're out of money. Need a new one of these artefacts. Dimension 12.000 x 19.000 with signature of Neo Prim 2035. Pull yourself together!"

artwork by using a CD9600 Carbon driller and got the certificate of authenticity. Age certified. Signature certified. Computers are just more reliable. He called it art poker. But in the meantime he is lazy and he let me do all the workload. It has to be ready for shipment. He insists in free house delivery. I am his slave.

It had all started so well. I was the first in the simulator with a full transition due to the Bainbridge portfolio. Many others have been transferred after me, much too many. Now overpopulation is the problem. I am susceptible to blackmail. Gone are the days when I was

cherished and nourished. Backup for backup. Always the newest processors, the best central memory, the most reliable USV in the rack. I am a museum object. But hardly anyone cares.

It was a good thing that my creator set a No-Copy, No-Mod on the connectors to the *Mondrian* simulation and that only I know the password sequences. Therefore, they are not interdimensional in the hypergrid. In other words: if I die they are gone - over and out - and I don't let myself be uploaded. I am of the generation where a self-determined shutdown was embedded in the code. Avatar rights it was called. Long time gone.

quences. I don't have many left. So I say: "transition of Steve Jobs certified. I start to work on the artefact" and my soul melts with the simulator.

In simpler words: I choose what my creator would have chosen and define it by doing so to an artwork. At the beginning it was a fast job. Some Both parameter "out of the box" used, and random settings on "go" and the artwork was done and selected in no time. A true Both. A true Neo Prim.

In the meantime, it takes longer. The price for artworks of old masters are at the bottom. At least my sponsor is saying this. So far, hours are passing in



Today's situation: One has to be able to afford to survive and without a sponsor you are a loser. To eliminate that, right now a bot is tricking my sponsor. I ask some details from the old world which could not get into my world due to the notification act: "Steve Jobs: date, time, last words, wayback-entry?" or anything that crosses my mind out of my past. "One moment" and he continues "05.10.2011, 4:59 PM; Oh, wow. Oh, wow. Oh, wow; <http://3rdwow.com>". This suits me well as I don't want to waste some of the real password se-

seconds if I set up the system to femto-computing and so I am able to say "ready" after a short gap.

"Give it to me! I give you four terra you can use to snoop in old log files." Four terra are not bad, but my creator did not only know how to produce art, but he knew how to sell art as well. So I say: "four terra only? This allows me to create *Mondrian* art only on X-HDTV. I need at least eight terra." Very soon I see the allocation of eight terra in display of the *Simulacron-1* administration.

Of course, the first beggars are coming. "Please, First Prim. I have to see the funeral of my great-great-great-granddaughter. Please half a terra. I'll pay you back double. She became very famous and has more storage allocated for herself than she will ever need ..."

And more bullshit will come. Of course, I pretend that I am thinking about it: "name, date, X-IP, time of transition, duration of storage, pre-paid?" Once somebody nearly made me commit. He whispered something of "thinking slow and fast" in one unitary and that he is a great-great-great-grandson of Daniel Kanemann. Then, at the last moment I saw that he was

have been implanted in me by the Bainbridge procedure. Therefore, my *ArtXploder* could detect the intruder and woke me up from my daydreaming. What a pity for him. He just should have generated Chladni figures by a simple *JavaScript* that was used by students of Davidson Art College in North Carolina in 1999. But instead of doing it himself, he misused the Chladni figures of Rosslyn-Chappel.

Finally, the eight terra are available and I am gone. I have a mission of my own. I want to create. I want to become a maker. A biological entity in the world outside! With my old technology I am fucked up. But with eight terra under



wearing a helmet. A brain dominance authenticator. It did not matter what he said, one has to believe him. In the past, it was called sublimation. And what has he done with me? He was flashing artworks like in *Men in Black* below the trigger times of my avatar eyes using parameters that have been set by my creator as universal colours for CRT-screens. By doing so, he used figures of E. Chladni who addressed Napoleon as the man who "makes tones to be seen."

I read *The Da Vinci Code* in the original print so all insights of Dan Brown

my command: WOW, WOW and another WOW. There are the whisper-snappers, hungry like wolves. "What shall I programme? Recursive or brute direct X?"

Luckily, I have some competence in management. Management by *Fastforward*, by *Backtracking*, by *TotalRecall*, by *Singularity* or even by *Gurgelwasser*... I know them all. I have been a lecturer. But it is now well known that someone wanted to trick me once and suddenly his light was switched off. He was gone. No backup – nothing. "Iden-

tity unit deleted” was the short message. I sent an invitation to watch Fassbinder's *World on a Wire* in the Senator Lounge. A movie where avatars get chills in their spirit.

Since then I have no problems. I scroll in obituaries, now called transition lists and pick the data of the best. Having eight terra in hand – this means the best of the best are waiting: test pilots, hackers, DotKings or whatever sort of wonder men – they just have in common a sudden transition: accident, drugs, brain firecracker – not of any importance for me. As the happily selected one, he calls himself Prof. Sol, and is now programming for me. I can

live as usual as soon as computers are on femtospeed”. The whole knowledge, experience, perception is there. Just at that time this was too much for them. And with the Bainbridge settings I will live as avatar forever in the computer. And then the pathetic closing words of the "Great story" that my maker used so often in his last decades of this doing, based on the author of *The New Nomads* and great painter C. P. Seibt:

>> This is my great story: I bring brains to the depth. Forever <<

Then, a little human figure falls in front of a blue sky on a mirror-floor. This floor breaks into pieces of small *Mon-*



stroll in old videos.

Today on the 144th anniversary of my transition it's appropriate to have a break in the river of life.

I see the community in the mortuary chapel. The DVD of my maker and a textbook is handed out to attendants. The speech by an NPC on a flatscreen. Sure, the NPC looks like me, just no soul embedded. The tears, the sobbing, the head-shaking as it is said: "I now live in the simulator as First Prim. The Bainbridge portfolio is fully integrated. You will be able to communicate with

drian artefacts and by doing this it symbolizes the beginning of the depth. Music is tuning in. I have a weakness for mirror images not only since I met Leonid aka Sergej Lukianenko and even more for original soundtracks. I take the time to bring the actuator clockwise to the maximum and I sing: "How much time has to pass until we understand? / And the world around stands still / Even not today, even not here, but some day - I am with you." Blutengel.

What an opus. Here indeed William S. Bainbridge has to engross something,

Georg would say in Warhammer slang. Pilot, professor, hacker, theologian – a genius – but how is it possible that he skipped music? In front of me I have amulets which I designed based on drawings of Michael Duff Newton to remind myself that the last secret might be in musical vibrations. Is the depth – being a binary coded world – only a transit station?

Just now as I adjust myself for listening to the next song in the playlist *Behind the Mirror* it knocks at the screen. “Where is my *Mondrian*? Prim, you already used the eight terra. I have to pay for my BMW. Get on with the artefact! And ... keep in mind that the dis-

sponsor really does not care what I do with the terra I get allocated. Otherwise, he would have bought a scanner to decode some of my visual specifications, which I call “my sweet printfactory.” And just now Prof. Sol is calling: “Your Alzheimer is done. I added a parameter so you can manage the dynamics. I send you the code for testing right away: parameter is at maximum, so you can see if the code is doing well and no stack overflow happens.” I shout loudly: “But, not here!” Just, I wonder ... what did I want to do with the specification in hand? The picture with a red footprint rezzing code 42 in the middle, what does this mean?



gusting sounds set by Both on colour change only play when one knocks twice on it and not by just moving a finger over the 3-dimensional structure to feel the blocks. Don't forget the historical signature. Make it snappy!” And again knocking. As if I am deaf. The knocking superimposes my dreams with Blutengel. I turn the screen off and place the artefact into the Topload of my sponsor. I am grateful that after *Behind the Mirror* the next song is *Another Me*.

It could have been worse for me. My



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[Editor's Note: What follows is an interview with Art Blue, the author of *The Artefact*, which sheds some light on the article you've just read. We're not at all sure about Neo Gurgelwasser's credentials, but he did manage to get the elusive author to answer some penetrating questions about *The Artefact*, which we're glad to share with you in this post script.]

call "simulator worlds." On the other hand, you are right. "The spice must flow" - not only on planet Arrakis, as day by day more get the knowledge to bend time in time. And each move begins with a single prim. 42 moves has been the chosen maximum by Philip Rosedale as he started to build the very first prim world.

NG: *Gosh, you make me blush. I never*



Neo Gurgelwasser (NG): *Welcome Art at The Restaurant at the End of the Universe. I send you greetings from Jami Mills who told me she had many questions concerning the story of The Artefact but did not want to do the hard job to face your genius.*

Art Blue (AB): (laughs) What a nice welcome to start with - a welcome by Douglas Adams. I see you got the end of *The Artefact* well! And about "to face my genius," it needs more as to find out the meaning of 42.

NG: *I personally feel there must be more in the number 42 than just The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy. That would be much too easy for you.*

AB: Hmmm ... on one hand, I write very easy to understand stories when I am back from my time travels in what I

heard that the number 42 had any relevance in SL1. Can you explain? And please, so readers with basic knowledge, or the ones not knowing the beginning of all carbon worlds, will be able to follow.

AB: I will try. An avatar has something you call inventory and this inventory has, let's call them "folders." A folder with textures has a lot of items so you make "subfolders": one for Fabrics, one for Skins, one for Templates, one for Shoes (for ladies) ... and so on. How many textures do you have in such a subfolder?

NG: *For shoes? Not one. But let me see. That depends. Some 10 items some ... Oh, one has 65 textures in total.*

AB: Good. Will you give me this subfolder with the 65, just for a short time?

NG: Sure. Here, I'll drop it on you. Gosh, it says: "Cannot give more than 42 items in a single inventory transfer." So Philip Rosedale truly outs himself as a fan of Douglas Adams, as you do!

AB: (laughs) Learning by doing is it called in your world, or?

NG: Not really. This is stupid. Why is 42 the maximum? I see. Now I have folders

can go back and find the history that is embedded in the story. It is all there to find. *The Artefact* is written for your time slice. At least such machines have heard of everything mentioned in the story or you will find it this way. Everything in it. I promise!

NG: So you want to say it is all reality?

AB: Sure. 100% real. Everything



with 500 items in them. Ah, ah, ah! I see now why you said: "Let's go in the good old restaurant where only the old viewers work." And I thought you wanted to meet the waitress again, the special one we both know and, therefore, I had to reinstall the old database. There a fix of 42 was set at the very first generation of simulators.

AB: (laughs) Indeed. The meeting of generations is one of the keys in the story of *The Artefact*. That's why not everyone understands all the parts. Only a traveler in time will do it on the spot... but

NG: You mean *Star Trek Generations: Beyond the Nexus ... but?*

AB: (nods) *Beyond the Nexus*. Yes, but ... what shall I say? You have something like *Google* and *Archive.org*. There you

happened or happens very soon. But there is even a much deeper impact that First Prim has recently discovered. The Grand-Suur prediction is real.

NG: Oh, my prim. Don't speak about Grand-Suur Moyra and the Anathem. I have not patented the solution so far! Let's change the subject. Jami Mills asked me, so I shall ask, "Is the Artefact real?" But you have just answered this. As real as First Prim is real.

AB: (nods) We are all made of prims. "It all starts with a cube" has been a saying by our ancestors in such an old simulator we are now. Even your readers can experience the good old ways by entering the world VULCANICUS via the Metropolis grid. It might be much painful with keyboard clicking, mouse or trackball moves or a little more advanced with an EPOC headset

to steer the world and to make the interactions - but it works! And this after so many years have passed!

NG: *What would you say is the main difference of such an old world we are now in and the worlds you are usually involved where you write your short stories and travel logs for us to read?*

AB: This would be a never-ending

mouth. Bainbridge shall be the last question for today. You use it often in your stories. But as we are running out of time, make your answer as short as you can.

AB: (works awhile, hidden, and then shows up a link) <http://is.gd/2bainbridge>

NG: *This is it? A user just fills out pages*



story and it has to be ... as Jami Mills made me an offer to contribute to *rez* on a monthly basis.

NG: *Really? She played stupid! I see. It might be as you are partnered so she wants to avoid getting the hots.*

AB: Partnered? In this old simulator? Gosh, really the simulator made the reset for this time and showed the partner button. OK – I admit it. But I have ALTs!

NG: *(laughs) Your partner, Navah, knows them all as she has spy software.*

AB: (gets pale) Can't be! Not on this old technology. There is no Bainbridge profile yet implanted. But enough! Tease yourself Neo!

NG: *You took the words right out of my*

of his or her thinking preferences and habits and the coded values get in the Avatar's carbon brain structure and habits database? Isn't it like lifenaut?

AB: Wasn't it short?

NG: *Thanks, Art. Next time, Jami Mills can do it as I think it was easy going with you as the most known futurologist in this grid.*

AB: Hahaha. Most known in this grid. The ancient one!

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THE WHITE THEOREM.
THIS SPACE IS INTENTIONALLY
LEFT WHITE.

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wittgenstein.org

If we were to imagine an orange on the blue side or green on the red side or violet on the yellow side, it would give us the same impression as a north wind coming from the southwest.

On The Street

With Gazini

by StarGazer Daylight



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"I think the President and a small group of people know exactly what he meant."